



CLOWNS Killin' PEOPLE



O.K., you got bad breath, skin that's leaking mustard yellow pus, no-body likes you, how could things be any worse?? Well, fact is they couldn't.....but look on the bright side, things can only get better. Right?? I mean you just got hold of CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE ISSUE TWO, ain't that somethin' to smile about??

Just think, all-a that teen-hate-angst you been bottlin' up since your birthday....it could finally have an outlet!! Yeah, sure, why not, if bozo's like Hokum Havok and Bobby Z. Brown can get THEIR SHIT printed in CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE theirs gotta be hope for the rest of us saps. Right??

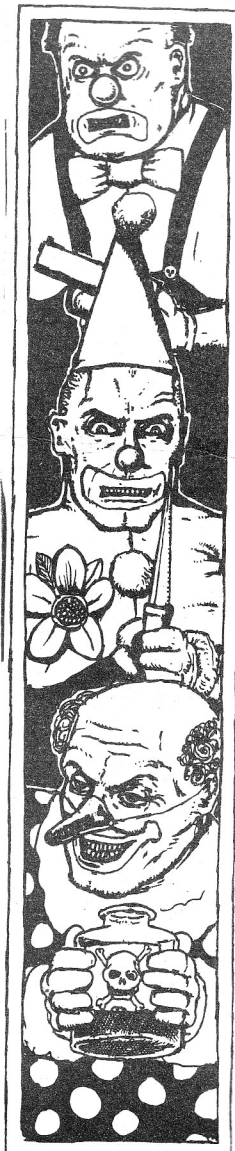
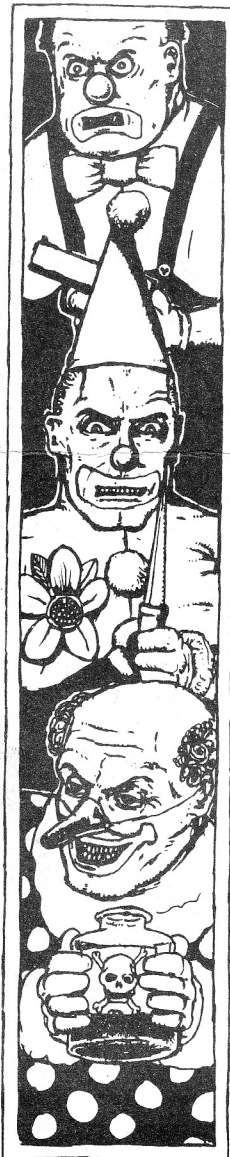
The next issue of this whiny publication will be out in AUGUST '91, an it's gonna be THE MUSIC ISSUE issue. So with that subject in mind GIT TO WORK. And folks, please....USE YA NOODLE AN DO SOMETHIN' WORTH PRINTING.

This steamer was published by A SECRET DEVIL, with the aid of Stone Joan (D' Arc) Ashton, Wittling Pig Havok, and Corvino P. McKenna, there's plans a plenty in the pipeline.

AUGUST '91
deadline for this issue
NOVEMBER '91
deadline for this issue

MUSIC ISSUE issue
15 July
CKP vs. RAISING HELL issue
15th October

BOX 32
52 CALL LANE
LEEDS
W. YORKS
LS1 6DT
THIRD FROM THE SUN



THE MORNING RIDE

She eyed him. "So insignificant, so pathetic," she thought. Reaching down and squeezing his balls tightly, she said, "These are mine, asshole!"

He looked up and saw her laugh, the hard look in her eye as she tightened a rope around his balls. "What are you doing?" he said. "Shut up!" She yanked hard and he fell on his hands and knees. "Asshole!" she said.

It had been several months since they had first met. Now he knew exactly what to do. He lifted his buttocks and waited.

She liked that. She found it tiresome giving commands. He knew what she wanted without her having to speak, and now she ran her long red nails lightly across his cheeks. He spread his legs a little wider, rolling out the red carpet for the queen of his wildest wet dreams. She stood there over him, squeezing his ass, her long blond hair and tiny black leather mini skirt filling his head with sexual desire.

"You're going to perform for me!" she told him. "I want entertainment!" He knew what was coming. He felt the leather reins across his back as she pulled the equestrian outfit off the wall. "Open!" she demanded, and he dropped his jaw as low as it would go. In went the cold steel bit. He felt the backward pressure on his head as she adjusted the bit to her liking, the straps across his ribs as she placed the custom fitted saddle across his back. Oh how embarrassed he was when she took him to the leather shop to have him fitted for the saddle he would wear so often, and so willingly!

"Now spread those legs, you slime!" she commanded, a firm crack of the riding crop sounding on his naked ass. He screamed through his bit as the spurs on her spike heeled boots jammed into his cock. "Did I say you could make noise, pony boy?" and with that she jammed his cock harder and down came the riding crop again and again. She knew exactly how to control him. He began to sway, his whole body quaking up and down, but in a deliberate way. The ride had begun. "Oh that's nice!" she cried with delight, her pussy rubbing up against the leather saddle as he shook up and down for her. Now she took the crop and smacked his balls with short, sharp strokes, inflicting a low stinging sensation. He began to enjoy the pain, and heaved his body even faster to accommodate the crop and the spurs.

"That's enough!" she said. "You're enjoying this too much." He stopped suddenly, gasping for breath, excited to a feverish pitch.

"Much too much enjoyment for you!" she said. "Move your head forward!" And with that he felt the bit come out of his mouth, then the straps come off his torso.

"all right George," she said. "It's 7 o'clock now. Don't you think it's time you got dressed and went to work already?"

Bob Z.

ENIGMA

Can you feel it? Cold, the hours pass dark and strange, dark and strange, shapes not touching, shadows hide the maze of colours: enigma; can you feel it? Spheres collide, the outside world is another time, another age; explain it. Catch the light before it fades, watch it expire, span the void, can you feel it? Meanwhile Death breathes a sigh, shutting out voices, alone now, there is no sound, no-one here, can you feel it? Fertile decay, deny the existence, deny vanity, feel undone. The same veins, the same skin once held the shape of a body. Whose thoughts belong here, crawl now, whose mind left, fear of being recognised, inspired to seek the warmth of hands not belonging, can you feel them? Four walls found it lying, defined failing, confined it to a room not often inhabited by others, there is life here, but can you feel it?

Andy C.



The last travelling fairgrounds and circus's had been reduced to one amalgamated ruin some years ago. What was left still relied on the dilapidated technology that they'd always relied on. They couldn't even afford attendant droids, all the stalls where run by gibbering drooling decaying people.

Hardly the sort of place you could imagine anyone being attracted to but they where, all kinds of misfits freaks and nobodys hung out at the 'ground. Candyfloss, toffee apples and hot dogs where no longer things you could purchase. The new patrons of the 'ground had a choice of solvents, industrial or normal.

Most of those who inhabited the 'ground where sniffers, buying a couple of bags a night and watching the old cranky lights flicker and die. It was cheaper and better than what was passed off as good alcohol. Besides nobody came here for their health.

The weird sisters where the resident bikers, their machines so old and fucked that they where never likely to ride out on them. The youngest weird sister was a mere fifty one years of age. Like their bikes, the weird sisters where relics. They chose industrial every time. As a group they where like a dying monster, huddling together sharing warm illusion and hallucination. Watching the 'ground pulsate awash with breath taking pattern.

Mouldy was one of the stall holders, it was him who'd originally thought of the glue idea and it was him who generally profited from it. He had an almost legendary rep for hauling good stuff, with Mouldy 'industrial' was another way of saying dangerous. Although his body was as twisted and diseased as most, his mind was fresh and alert to the possibilities of business. He had plenty of friends in the real world who held down a shitty job just to stay in alcohol and out of the 'ground. Most of these folks where always looking for a scam, a little extra in their pockets without having to die for it. Mouldy had the perfect arrangement for those who worked on the factory estates. They stole barrels of glue and Mouldy paid them a fraction of the price he'd have to pay if he bought it legally. Everybody benefits, including those at the 'ground. 'KICKS CHEAP AN GOOD ANY TIME', was Mouldy's cry on many a bleary night.

PROP.B.U.C., the inscription on the metallic five gallon container.

"This better be good Dee, that last barrel you brought here wouldn't give jollies to slug", Mouldy was dealing with Dee, she used to be a street lady but now she could just about scrape through with part time work and the occasional sale to the 'ground.

"Don't gimme that shit you fuckin' flake, you know Dee supplies. That last batch was just a mistake, it wasn't even the real McCoy. This babys prime though,

c'mon Mould don't be such a tight fuck. What have you gotta lose?!", Dee tried not to let her need for this sale show to much. Mouldy was an old hand at the shit-shuffel.

"O.k. Dee, what say I give ya ten for this and we forget about that crap you palmed off on me last week"

Dee sighed, ten was half the usual price but she needed it bad. It was that or nothing, there was never any point trying to barter with a bastard like Mouldy. He'd just spit in your eye.

She took the money and left, leaving Mouldy to prepare for the evening.

Buying glue on an evening at the 'ground is somewhat like buying icecream in olden days. You have a choice of bags, small, medium or large. The solvent is scooped out of the container and you wander off happy. Tonight for some reason the weird sisters where the only customers.

"Whatcha got for us tonight Mouldy? It better be good", Lee was eager to get a slice of the reality she liked. She was one of the more more decrepit sisters, having hung around the 'ground for long enough to know their was no point thinking there was life outside of it. At least not for her. Not now.

"Sexy, I got nothing but the best. New in today, this stuff'll make this place look like it's had a flash paint job", Mouldy was his usual selfassured slobbering self.

The sisters all bought what they could afford, pooling cash so that each got an equal share. That was the way it had to be.

Mouldy dished out the goods and the sisters slowly left his stall breathing in their payed for fumes.

"Good times, good times!", screeched Lee.

The place where they hung out was on the creaking dodgems ride, like everything else it had long ceased to work but it was a good place to sit. Everyone got their own car and after a while of inhaling you could believe they where real, taking yourself on a trip round the sights of the 'ground seeing it as it used to be only perversely distorted.

"This stuffs good, old Mouldy's really come through this time!", Lee was talking, beginning to babble. All the sisters where taking off in their own ways. Leaving their next to useless bodies and breathing in the dream of youth. Flying higher, higher, screaming, crying, laughing. The good life. The only life. So beautiful. So beautiful, joyriding round the unchartered peaks of heaven like kids. Higher, higher, higher, old Mouldy really came through this time.

"Praise be to mouldy!!, fuckin' gorgeous old Mould!!, Praise him", Sisters were running, stumbling, shrieking. Thanking the sky for the man who'd brought them happiness.

Mouldy had been thinking of packing it in for the night but greed kept him there, holding his scoop, waiting for custom. Sometimes business was real good and he could afford to buy something that would make it all worth while, like a gram of smack or even some dope and a few crates of something strong. He could hear the sisters wailing, it was one of the first things he'd gotten used to.

"Those fucken crazys!", he uttered loudly. Unaware of his new status in their eyes.

The sisters where jet propelled, shooting into space. Orbiting the earth with such fury and excitement that they almost threatened to rip off the surface as you would a peice of clothing.

"There's Mouldy!", at least half of them screamed.

Since the sale Dee had been picked up by Bed-U-Cube security and taken to the main factory, she was dying for a drink but they made her wait. They wanted her coherent for the interview with Miss Cube.

She was being treated o.k., but then they owed her. The guards where stony faced thugs but not unpleasant. Everything was just sweat.

Miss Cube had become head of Bed-U-Cube Industrys directly after her fathers death, she was ambitious and imaginative. Some would say a deadly combination, she hoped it was a deadly combination.

She entered the room carrying a bottle of amber liquid. Good stuff, not the cheap puke that Dee properly drank.

"This is for you", she offered the bottle across. Dee took it, screwed of the cap and gulped hard. Needing it.

"Call that a first instalment, did you they get it?", Miss Cube talked like a women who would take failure as an insult.

"Yeah, their properly loaded up to their eyeballs right now"

Miss Cube smiled, got up and left.

Mouldy was having trouble, his collection of filthy-rag clothes had been mostly scraped from his body. The sisters wished to worship him. He was their man.

"Get offa me!, Get the fuck offa me", He try'd to fight and run but he was grossly outnumbered. Withered, wrinkled hands reached for his penis and balls, pulling him down to be kissed and smothered by glued up hags.

"GOOD TIMES, GOOD TIMES!!", The sisters spun out further, tearing at Mouldys now naked body. Biting into his skin with rotten teeth.

Miss Cube watched the carnage on a screen in the main office. She was pleased, a disaster at Bed-U-Cube had been avoided.

For the past five years the scientists at the B.U.C. laboratorys had

under, her instruction been trying to perfect a solvent that gave off fumes to not only pacify but make employees work faster and more efficiently. In effect, zombies for Bed-U-Cube.

This was the prototype and it was obviously useless.

Sisters lay sleeping in blood that appeared to have rained down on the 'ground. While they slept it off B.U.C. security removed all traces of their drug induced cannibalism, the cops wouldn't be interested anyway but it was better to be safe than sorry when the stakes where so high.

Poor Mouldy was gone, his stall was under new management. Dee arrived latter the next day to begin trading.

Hokum Havok

THE VEGETARIAN AND PRO-LIFE NETWORK (V.V.P.L.N.) ARE AN EXPANDING LONDON BASED GROUP WHICH HAVE EXISTED SINCE ABOUT 1989. IT WAS FOUNDED BY LESLEY ROBERTS WHO, AS A STUDENT NURSE, UNDERWENT A CRISIS OF CONSCIENCE WHEN SHE DISCOVERED TWO PICKLED FOETUSES IN THE SCHOOL OF NURSING. MAKING HER RATHER WARPED LINK WITH ANIMAL RIGHTS AND HUMAN RIGHTS, SHE SET UP THE V.V.P.L.N. USING THE VERY NAIVE IDEA THAT YOU CAN NOT STRIVE FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE UNPROTECTED ANIMAL WITHOUT STRIVING FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN CHILD.!

IT'S MEMBERS, WHO ARE VEGETARIAN, VEGAN AND ANTI-VIVISECTION CLAIM TO HAVE A "CONSISTENT RESPECT FOR LIFE"...UNLESS IT SEEMS THE LIFE IN QUESTION IS A WOMAN'S. LESLEY ROBERTS CLAIMS TO "SUPPORT ALL THE OTHER AREAS OF THE WOMAN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT, BUT CERTAINLY NOT ABORTION". HEY!...THIS WOMAN MUST BE THE ONLY FEMINIST I KNOW WHO'D OPENLY STAB HER OWN SISTERS IN THE BACK. SHE AIN'T NO SISTER OF MINE! LOOKS LIKE SHE'S ON A MORAL CRUSADE TO KNOCK WOMEN BACK INTO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE V.V.P.L.N. NEWSLETTERS INCLUDE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS WHICH REVEAL ATTITUDES THAT ARE TOTALLY OPPRESSIVE. WOMEN ARE SEEN AS NOTHING MORE THAN CHILDBEARERS, OUR BASIC RIGHT OF CONTROL OVER OUR OWN BODIES, DOES NOT EXIST, AND WE ARE SEEN AS OPPRESSORS. THANK GOODNESS WE'RE NOT LIVING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY OR WE'D BE BURN'T AT THE STAKE FOR OUR SINS!.

ONE MEMBER, MARCUS WILLIAMS, SUBMITTED A CHARMING LITTLE MESSAGE INTENDED TO GO ON A BADGE WHICH READ 'BAN THE PILL AND GIVE LIFE TO THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES'. GOOD OLD SENSIBLE MARCUS, HE'D LIKE TO SEE ALL CONTRACEPTIVES BANNED, THE STUPID LITTLE DICK'S OBVIOUSLY SHUT HIS EARS TO WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HIM, OR BABY DON'T IT FEEL SO GOOD WITH A CONDOM ON! CONDOM'S ARE NOT JUST AN EVIL BARRIER THAT PREVENT YOUR LITTLE SPLUTTERING'S MARCUS, THEY ARE A BARRIER

AND IF ANY MEMBERS DON'T ADHERE TO THIS VIEW THEN THEY SHOULD ONLY BE CONSIDERED AS ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP.

THIS NETWORK IS A DISEASED PART OF THE ANIMAL RIGHTS MOVEMENT. THEY USE VEGAN ETHICS TO ADD CREDENCE TO THEIR OWN INSIDIOUS PURPOSE. THE FOLLOWING DISCUSSION POINT TURNED UP IN ONE OF THEIR NEWSLETTERS.....

'OPERATION RESCUE': FIRST THERE WAS THE ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT, NOW THERE IS THE UNBORN CHILD'S EQUIVALENT!! OPERATION RESCUE'S TACTIC'S INCLUDE HARASSING WOMEN ENTERING CLINICS AND BARGING INTO OPERATING THEATRES WHILST ABORTIONS ARE IN PROGRESS, IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE THEM. THEY STRIKE WOMEN AT THEIR MOST VULNERABLE TIME. THEY HAVE NO CONCEPT OF REALITY, OF WOMEN'S LIVES AND EXPERIENCES. THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THE UNBORN CHILD, AND NOTHING WILL STOP THEM FROM SAVING IT. THIS IS HATRED OF WOMEN, AND THE MEMBERS OF LIFE, SPUC AND OPERATION RESCUE, ARE SICK PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD THEIR FILTH THROUGH THE ANIMAL RIGHTS MOVEMENT.

THE V.V.P.L.N. ARE CONSTANTLY CAMPAIGNING TO PERSUADE ANIMAL RIGHTS ORGANIZATIONS TO SUPPORT AND PUBLICIZE THEM. THEY HAVE ALREADY GAINED THE SUPPORT OF RONNIE LEE AND MARCUS WILLIAMS BOTH ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS AT SOME POINT. NOW THEY ARE NOTHING MORE THAN STUPID IGNORANT AGAINST THE SPREAD OF A.I.D.S./H.I.V. AND SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES, IT CAN GREATLY REDUCE THE RISKS OF CERVICAL CANCER IF YOU USE A CONDOM, COURSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT DO YOU AS IT AIN'T YOUR PROBLEM.

ANOTHER MEMBER, RACHAEL STANLEY WRITES- "ON THE BITTER NOTE OF RAPE, WOMEN HAVE THE RIGHT TO SCREAM, SHOUT AND YELL IF A STRANGER APPROACHES AND TALKS TO THEM, IF THEY DO NOT LIKE HIM AND KNOW HIM TO BE BAD NEWS", WELL I AIN'T SO SURE THE GUY WOULD GIVE HER THAT RIGHT, WE HAVE NO RIGHTS WHEN WE ARE BEING RAPED ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A KNIFE AT YOUR THROAT. THEIR VIEW IS THAT THE WOMAN SHOULD GO THROUGH WITH THE PREGNANCY IF SHE FOUND OUT SHE IS PREGNANT AS A RESULT, REARING THE CHILD OF AN ACT OF RAPE WILL BE A CONSTANT REMINDER OF THE VIOLENCE CARRIED OUT AGAINST HER, RAPE LIVES WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, RACHAEL, YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO ACTUALLY CARRY THAT FOETUS INSIDE YOU. THE V.V.P.L.N. BELIEVE THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS FOR RAPE VICTIMS, IDIOT'S WHO'D PROBABLY LIKE TO SEE THE ANIMAL RIGHT'S MOVEMENT ONE BIG HAPPY BOY'S CLUB. THE MAGAZINE 'ANIMAL AID' HAVE, THE NETWORK CLAIMS, ALREADY AGREED TO GIVE THEM A MENTION IN THEIR MAGAZINE.

A VERY SAD IMAGE OF WHAT THE MOVEMENT HAS BECOME, BUT THEN AS SOMEONE WHO WAS ONCE VERY MUCH INVOLVED, AND AS AN EXAMPLE, FOUGHT AGAINST THE ATTITUDES CONDEMNING WOMEN ONLY HUNT SABS, I GUESS THIS KIND OF ATTITUDE JUST AIN'T NOTHING NEW.

Alto Revenge! 6

Swaz crouches over the small fire and pushes around the embers that have fallen beyond the flame perimeter. A wind change lifts the smoke and pulls it towards him, squinting his reddened eyes and arching his head away from the noxious. "Rabbits" he mutters. The plastic coating on the twisted communications cable that's his poker bursts into emerald flames and pungent black fog.

Radio LUV crackles in the background, ebbing in and out in waves on the surf of the city winds. The truck battery is running low, perhaps it needs some distilled water, the acids etchin at it's heart. Waters hard enough to buy but distilled, fuck! The only distilled essences ya can get now is Old Rocket Shuttle Juice, the exotic alcohol cocktail that's the byproduct of the recycling plants.

The coffee warms slowly in the jug that hangs off the fire devil. The only way to make good coffee. Slow. Bottle fires are ideal, much smoke but low heat. Iridescent colours of the pyro send smoking figures dancing across the flaky monoliths. Feet of the Orbital route.

You're in the soul of the city here. Deep dark cavern expanses. Ruddy rust stained concrete towers whose lower six feet or so are warmed by spraypaint. Tiny injections of humanity tattooed on hardened skins. Layer on layer of names, loves, and drug splattered imaginings. They pace history. It's night here. Rumbblings of traffic above filter down the concrete, and pass on to warmed airs which dance in unison. Rythms fractalise and form eddies that run round the labyrinth like mad headless chickens, sounding like the deepest breath you could ever breathe.

Swaz carefully rearranges the fire and lays on a couple more bottles. There's a real art to bottle fires, build 'em wrong 'n the plastic melts all over the lower flames 'n asphyxiates em. It's a science of air flows and thermals. The coffee should be ready soon. His attention flits to the radio. Kylie Minogues going back in time. He hates all this golden oldie crap. Way back to 1990, 'n ta make it worse they go back in time to then dig up a cover version prior two decades. NOSTALGIA That's what it is. The word floods the circulatory system with embalming fluid. It's all the rage. To see it best travel East to the new sector. They ripped down all the 'modern' tower blocks 'n precincts 'n projects a few years after the Reds fell 'n built these new palacades in a hightech Victorian Vein.

Suppose it was ta bury any chance or remain of the future 'n make a new city of true values. The architecture must reflect and impose that. While I was a kid I could never sus out those old Scifi vids that had loads a Victorian Stuff in 'em. I thought it was weird. It figures now. N.O.S.T.A.L.G.I.A. If ya fuck enough with the future, ya can only sleep safely with the past. Steam rises from the coffee jug. Nearly boiling but not quite, just rite. Swaz removes his pilots hat and uses it as a glove to unhook the hot pot and pour the steaming juice into his waiting beaker. He returns the hat and lifts the coffee towards his face pausing to let the fragrant drifts rise up his nasals.

Mind focuses on the mandala of streams of headlights in the distance and sips Coffee, black as timeless eternity, pulses round his body like liquid lightning.

Jay



FIOR DI CAFFÈ ALOMBINI

One of the finest places to come for a cup of brown power, the bar is rectangular, with doors on two sides, and backs onto a motorcycle repair shop. The counter is steel topped and runs about half way down the place. Apparently the mafia have something to do with the owners, but the customers seem mainly to be harmless looking old gentlemen. The staff include two pleasantly abusive middle aged women, and a very sharp, good looking gent about the same age. The caffeine is real high here, and I found it to be more powerful than any other I had, it really did make my head spin.

A choice of white or brown Palomino cups, a couple of arcade machines, and a nice relaxed atmosphere, make for pleasant shots of Brazil's special.

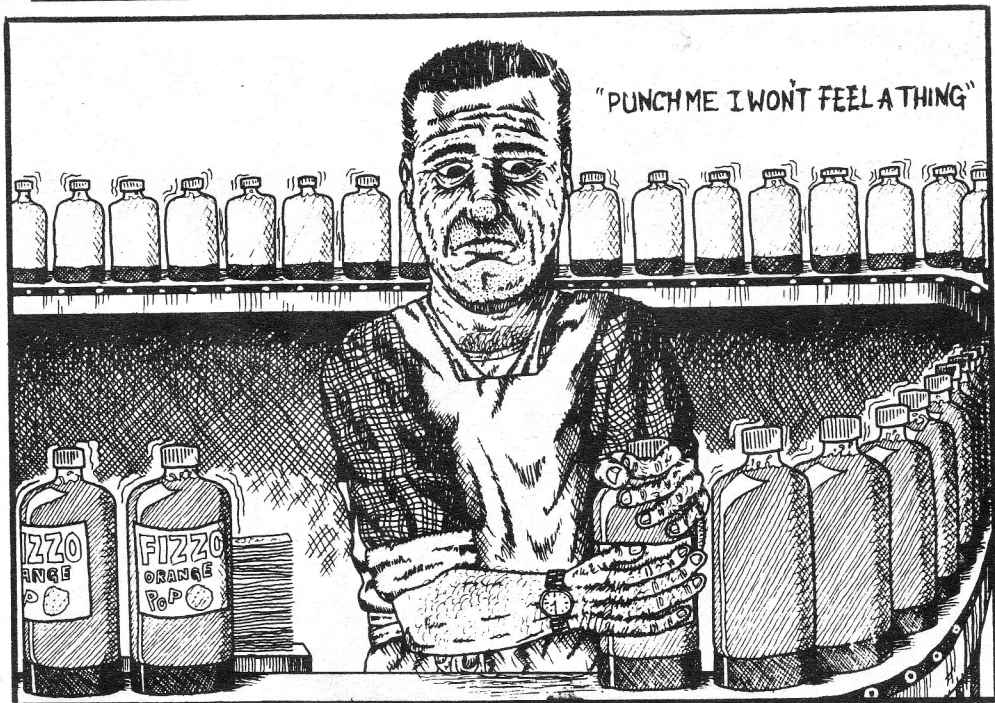
The only other people who seem to ever come here are the owners daughter, who is extremely Italian style beautiful, and her pals from school.

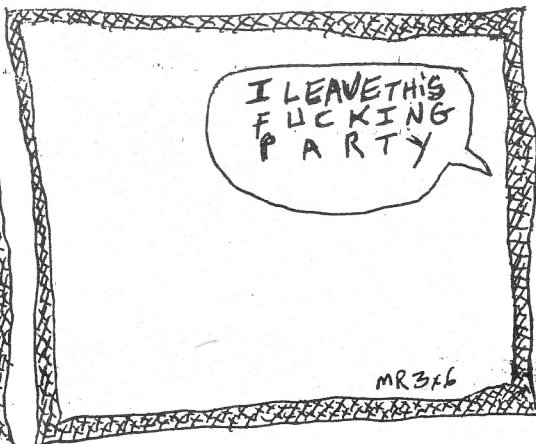
Take an item to leaf through and spend a while soakin it up, to read may I suggest BRIVIDO!

They Are Always Clean

can someone spare an
umbrella
the world is falling down
on top
of us and I dont want it
to get
on me since I just recently
bathed
in a moment of respect for our
civilization
and when I was finished I
properly
pulled the plug and everything
was
gone
down
the drain

A. Razor





SATAN=NOT THRASHING MAD
JUST UNHAPPY

Forever Time

In the breath of eternity
in the thunder of a heartbeat
we are another second closer to death
every day that passes
every minute that we speak
fleeting moments fly by
collapsing in on each other
through a maze of shadows
to truly feel death
to know its finality
to taste death
to speak of its shape
we must experience it first hand.

DARK THOUGHTS
DREDGED FROM THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOUL
DEEPER THAN BONES
COLDER THAN NOCTURNAL DREAMS



Snort was sweating, beads of stinky juice rolled off his scared ugly head hitting the floor almost noiselessly. "I gotta git outa this fockin business", he uttered to the empty room and his bag of tools.

Snort was lucky. He had a skill and consequently a job. "I hate this focken job", he half mumbled in reply to his situation.

When folks needed a new bed-u-cube installing they called the firm and the firm sent Snort. The firm also took a greater part of the payment, leaving Snort with just enough for food and cold imiale.

This luxury pad was owned by the Mathesons, an old couple who'd struck it rich when their son had prophesied the Earth-Mars war. They needed a new bed-u-cube for guests, of which their where plenty. Mostly juprmolists since their son had gone on the run from various government agencies who had plans for his extraordinary powers being put to 'good use'. Snort really didn't give a shit about any of it, to him it was just another bed-u-cube job.

He'd been hard at it all day, measuring re-measuring. "Fuck it, I need a drink", it wasn't allowed but Snort was the best bed-u-cube man the firm had and they didn't want to lose him. The almost completed cube took on a more pleasant aroma as he twisted off the top of a fresh imiale. He poured it down his throat feeling better for it and yet more tired at the same time.

The Mathesons could afford the best even this guest room had a high qual bunk, Snort couldn't resist a little lie down. His bulky form made itself at home on the expensive sheets and sleep inducing pillow.

He dreamed strange dreams, a land of bed-u-cubes, a society of intelligent talking bed-u-cubes and he was their father. Happy and concerned for their well being as any good parent would be. All was well for many years and his children grew old and wise. One day Snort awoke to find they had all gone and his island was empty but for him.

Snort sat bolt upright shrugging off the remanents of his slumber and found himself face to face with a winged hog, the kind of beast that despite many efforts would never as a species be killed off. "WHAT THE FOCK!" Snort found himself screaming. "Hello", said the winged hog in an almost gentle half grunt.

Snort dived off the bunk, picked up and downed what was left of his imiale. Then faced the winged hog with a look that approached suspicion. "You talked", He said in a steady accusing tone.

Winged hog are known for many things, the abduction of children from camp sites, attacking stranded familiys on lonely desert roads, ectetera. They have never been known to talk.

"My name is Phort Matheson, I am a human being", This winged hog evidently COULD talk.

Snort looked apprehensive, "THIS JOBS GITTING OUTA HAND!", he said, trying to make light of the situation. "If your the Mathesons kid then what are you doing in that get up?"

"This isn't any 'get up' my friend, this is I Phort Matheson occupieing the body of a winged hog for my own reasons"

"Oh yeah...and what would they be", the Matheson-hog creature pulled a weary face, sighed and sat down on the edge of the dishevelled bunk.

"I was born with incredible powers of the mind that for years I struggled to understand. As you know I predicted the Earth-Mars war when I was three years of age. After that I spent an unhappy time trying to grow up like ordinary children. An impossible task for someone who is regarded as somewhere between a threat and an asset to planet security. I spent my formative years trying to out run various security agencies who wanted to either enlist or destroy me depending on what their policy was. Luckily I began to understand myself more in those lonely years, I discovered that I could discard my body and share one with another creature"

"So what are you doing here kid, you aint doing your family any favours turning up looking like that", Maybe it was the imiale. Maybe he was still half asleep. Whatever the reason, Snort felt relatively comfortable with the situation.

"I miss my mother and father, I miss home. I want to come back. I want to share your body Snort. I want you to be their son. I want to be you", Winged hogs are also known as devil hogs. This one looked anything but devilish.

"why me? Why even bother to ask? why not just take me over?", Snort fired questions.

"Because by chance your here, I didn't choose you. I've never before considered co-habiting a human body. Snort, you must believe me when I say I wouldn't take advantage of another civilised creature. I'm above that"

"O.k., it's a deal. You an me, We'll share this body. It'll make a change from doing this focken job anyhow.", Snort was smiling. Almost happy in appearance. "One thing kid, seeing as you can predict the future I'd like to know whats gonna happen to us"

Phort closed his eyes, lines of concentration travelled across his inhuman face but only for seconds.

"YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD!"

It was to late, Snort had activated the indosaw that all good bed-u-cube makers carried. He made short and grisly work of what was Phort Matheson.

Hours latter Mrs Matheson arrived home, she was surprised to see the bed-u-cube fellow sat watching t.v., she was about to say something but he spoke first.

"Hi mom", said Snort.

HAT MAGIC

in the hovel
from this day forth
you shall wear a crow feathered pant
i will never
tend the garden.

changed my luck
with a weight gain
wailing child
fell from a speeding car
lizards and toyshops
could do nothing for her
try a weight gain
i screamed.

powerful hat magic
low twisting liver
beyond the red belly
of the goat
an eye from the gardens
weighted leaves
sunken in the flesh pool
sweat drenched walls
horsefly fever
woken by the peddlars sister
a cage in every corner
the hallucinations of autumn.

pyramid in a room
triangular death revealed
space and horses
while you whip red stairs
a drifting frenchman
feasts upon flatulent boys
like a serpent
he adorns the pyramid
one eye
on a brown paper bag.

The pudding maam
is shaven yet mysterious
running away with the meat
i painted her
feeding sailors hearts
to a literate cat
how like a chair
she appears to me now
a chair in the corner of a circling birdhouse.

Where did it
all come from
the loose yellow pices
when you can eat your weight
in fear
and be christened dancer
am i wearing
leeches or boots today ma
thems is shoes pa
shoes for a man.

A SECRET DEVIL

PIG HAVOK

RAT WITH A LOADED GUN

RAT WITH A LOADED GUN

Pig Havok

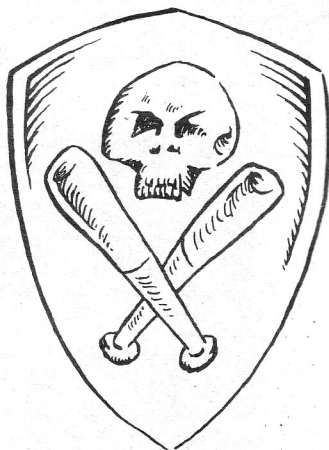
25p

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

Ashton

25p

NEMO ME
IMPUNE LACESSIT



I cut off my toe
 convinced it would grow
 into another me
 I waited a week
 for my plantation
 to speak and go shopping
 an tuesdays at noon
 but as a raddish
 sprouts from the earth
 toes aparently do not
 so if you spot a head
 in my flower bed
 you'll know its just me
 trying again from the top.

Oh such lovely teeth
 has the bison
 there suits fashioned
 from finest cloth
 quick is the bison
 polite courteous
 intellegent
 with good jobs
 beautiful dancers
 and they bake the best
 blueberry morning
 I've ever tasted.

FRAGMENTS

a tapestry of night terror

A strange dream frenzy, a violent sleeping reverie of haunted terror-vision and insane nightmare fantasy. The fear is like a leech sucking the life out of him, an obese suckling parasite that draws sustenance from his mental and physical self. He tells me of the dull aching pain he feels as it survives within him, moving, growing all the time. Exhausted, sapped of the strength to stand, he lays writhing and screaming, crying to me of the beast that lives within him. Its tentacles extend deep into his swollen limbs, burrowing into the soft white bones of his skeleton, gnawing with razor sharp teeth, devouring him alive from the inside out, it fills its mouthes with the succulent warm meat of his body. Tears run down his cheeks, his eyes bulge from shadowed, sunken sockets and his hands beat helplessly at his heaving chest as he tells me of the excruciating torment he feels as the creature rises up through him searching for new places to feed. Gasping for breath he shrieks over and over again at me in tortured sorrow, feeling the creature slide up through his throat, boring into his still conscious brain. His face is split with raw agony as he begs me to rip away the grey parchment thin flesh of his scalp, exposing his skull and to mercilessly crack it open, beating it against the floor until blood and brain tissue come spilling out and the vile parasite is denied a warm living organism

tell me this and tell
 me now
 have you ever ridden
 upon a cow
 that leapt over hedges
 and swam through lakes
 and expressed a preference
 for chocolate cake.

lodger inside the house
 of insects
 carve suns into the wooden belly
 crawl inside the horse
 trough silence comes the train
 of laughing thought.

Rumplestiltskin
 short and wide
 standing on the beach
 at high tide
 rumplestiltskin
 under water
 if only you were
 six inches taller.

Simon Kibblewhite

on which to prey. He pleads with me to mutilate his body, slice it open, gouge out the organs and plunge my hands in, to seize the creature, wrap my fingers around its blood red bloated form and wring the life from its foul, stinking body. I try to shut him up, silence his hysterical rantings and shake the delusion from his mind. Do you think I haven't tried to tell him that its just hallucination, a monomaniacal terror possessing his mind. Because thats what it is, thats exactly what it is. I've tried to shake off the fear, told myself its not real, tried to break free from this nightmare, but his fear is contagious. I sit here screaming to myself - just kill him, do it!, shut him up, get his voice out of your head. I put my fingers in my ears but I can still hear his hysterical babbling; and its inside me now, no I don't know how, I just closed my eyes for one minute and now the creature is inside me. I can feel it dwelling in my stomach, its cold and sticky and hungry, always hungry. Its moving slowly, slithering around, it wants to be warm and well fed; the creature wants me now, who will help me..? help me, help me, help meeeeeeeee!!!!

.....In the long, silent night manifestations appear, ghosts of the dead twisted with hate, repugnant abominations with no semblance of earthly form. They lie in wait to steal the bodies of innocent sleepers. They enter through the open orifices of the living as they slumber unaware. When they wake in the daylight they find to their horror that they are sharing their bodies with another occupant needing warmth and food and the nourishment only a living sentient being can provide.

Andy C.

ROBERTS BROS CIRCUS



Well, not having been to the circus before it was something of a strange experience. Enormous pigs, ugly multi-national peoples, an unpleasant midget (Willie), and his sidekick, the very unpleasant young master **Roberts Jr (Bobo)**, candy floss for 50p, camels, elephants, horses, and a nice rich smell of animal urine, no doubt complemented by their human friends, combined to unpleasant effect inside the 'big' top.

First act; **Miss Agar** on the low wire who just deserved a good kick to the face, due to her extreme shiteness.

Mr Tommy Roberts Jr. himself appeared next leading three pigs and later a whole herd of horses that ran around fast. Some act. The horses looked like they would have been happier making apple pies somewhere, and the pigs took every opportunity to embarrass the more delicate members of the audience by spraying enormous floods of greasy piss all over, and laying down some deep brown, although this was for the children, apparently, the best part of the big top experience.

Welcome relief came from the **Duo Lazer**, who provided a good looking, ass kicking bit of trapeze action, and later balanced a bicycle on top of a big candelabra.

An interesting point was that all the performers changed guises frequently, for example **Mrs. Lazer** was performing earlier in the show under a different name and with a different act, and the trained horses man was also to be seen selling gifts in the interval, balancing 100 plastic school canteen beakers on cardboard trays (impressive), and generally walking about looking fucked in the head.

The much touted **Royal Command Elephants** I'm afraid were rank, but Ashton wanted to marry one, the one that had no teeth and was smiling at him (rather like the unpleasant pubescent girl from the hungarian somethings, an act involving two young ladies being hurled into the air from a long bendy pole held by two burly gents who had a look of prison about them, which no doubt is rich in freudian imagery).

Providing the soundtrack for our evening were the **circus band**, who we saw as we arrived staggering out of the nearby pub, and into the big top where they then let rip with their own kick-ass versions of some of your favourite Teevee themes, the highlight being 'Theme From Cagney and Lacey', and a Rollins band like power version of The A-Team theme. I love it when a plan comes together! After the show they hit the liquor again.

All in all an enjoyable evening out, with the highlights being the funky **Duo Lazer**, Fried onions in a bun, the aforementioned masters of drums, bass, keyboard and sax, the other pole girl, and the Morocco con men, who did a few forward rolls, shouted a lot, and looked at women.

Low points - it has to be the clowns; a creepy thirteen year old, with a nasty moustache, Peter Sutcliffe eyes and wet lips, and a dwarf with no redeeming features just don't cut it in the modern comedy arena. Beat up the dwarf, neuter the kid and get in **Jacko Fosset**, Europes greatest clown.



READ A BOOK YA STOOPID SCHMUCK

JERZY KOSINSKI

COCKPIT

Poor old Jerzy seems to be eternally trapped in the no hope shelf of second hand bookshops, covers fading, and looking less and less interesting with every burst of sun that strikes him.

ZEPPELIN

PEPE MORENO

catalan communications

A collection of stories based around wars and a real nice book of artwork from European artist **Pepe Moreno** it is.

Catalan seem to release some fine european art works (tho hard to find) and this is indeed damned pleasing to look at though the stories on the whole are kind of poor with possibly the exceptions being the title story, 'Zeppelin', and 'The Fix', though I still get the feeling I've read them before. But I can forgive this as the artwork itself is beautiful, and I'll wager pepe cleans up after the throne with pages of 2000AD

BODY BAG

HENRY ROLLINS

creation press

A compilation of 2.13.61., End to End, and Polio Flesh, very good throughout. A lot better with prose than with his poetry, which gets a little repetitive, **Henry** sure can tell a good tale. Money well spent.

BUKOWSKI & CRUMB THERE'S NO BUSINESS

Contained herein is one tale combining the talents of two of the worlds godlikes, concerning manny the comedian. Theres something up, mannys just not cracking the gags like he used to, he used to have em rollin' in the isles, now he's getting bitter, he doesn't find anything funny in their reality. A good tale from **Mr Bukowski** and **R.CRUMB'S** illustration's are up to his usual excellent standard. well worth getting hold of.

Black Sparrow Press

questo e stato il primo libro do **BUKOWSKI** che ho letto in poche ore, e bello verere che ci sono persone che riescone a scrivere il loro essere cosi sporchi e cosi schifosi e sporchi (come lui dice e la crudelta del messaggio che rimane impressa) e forse come disse dario un mio amico solo una persona marcia come me puo provare ad avere sentimenti cosi puliti che metterebbero paura ad un bambino vivi marcio vivi libero....

DEEP RED

DEEP RED HORROR HANDBOOK

Ed. CHAS BALUN

fantaco

Although **Deep Red**, the magazine, has now ceased to exist, this large book is a pleasantly readable collection of writings about horror films, written by people with a genuine knowledge and love of the field.

With articles on, among other things, Third World Cannibal Movies, The Films of Dario Argento, Films that Bite, Trans-Atlantic Horror Trends, and profiles of a number of notables, the coverage is pretty evenly divided between well known and obscure material, written about in a lively way for the most part, all heavily and unpleasantly illustrated.

The latter third of the book is turned over to a catalogue of films, as taken from the magazine, complete with cheezy 'gore score', and a general rating for the film, which covers most ground.

Of special interest are the aforementioned Cannibal Movies piece, the article on Argento, and Films that Bite.

The magazine **Deep Red** was probably poorer as a publication than the English Shock Express, but was a much more pleasant read due to not having the same sadly ridiculous, overblown attitude that SE felt forced to subject it's readers to, and that's what shows up in this, just a good old read, and no neurotic self-promotion.

GUN WORD

DANIEL F. BRADLEY

Cutesy sized collection of one liners. "Jerking to the sound of good freinds drinking rye through the slits in their necks", is one that caught my attention. "The skin cord from the belly of a woman slaps against your face", was another. Straight outta Canada.

BREAKING FREE

J.Danials

attack international

This proves once and for all that there is no god, otherwise he(or she) wouldn't of subjected the world to this bucket of offal.

A humourless adaptation of the tintin strips. How could anybody even think of wasting precious ink on something as sickly as this, a cloying attack on racism, sexism, capitalism, male machoism, homophobiaism, ad infinitum in every frame of every page of the whole porco dio book, gave me an imense headache for days after,

If you want to make this kind of a point, then do it with intelligence and respect for the reader, instead of just assuming that the reader is as stupid as you are

Don't score jack shit on the 'punkometer.

Reality 1313 SANDWICH

Subversive satire and all round goofyness thats streets ahead of more 'serious' magazines, they even have the good sence to include an Ace Backwards strip in each issue. Small but very explosive

P.O. BOX 2092

BALTIMORE

MD 21203-2092

U.S.A



NIGHT AND FOG

SUSAN LAPPER

It looks good and tastes bitter, **Susan Lapper** is funny and sometimes cruel as a child. I like this book for it's contrasts, **Susan** poisons helpless animals, **Susan** watches her brother drown while she's on acid, **Susan** waves to a fellow in a car getting his dick sucked, **Susan** is the the mother of darkness. Yeah, alright.

DANCING FISH PRESS

2-381 roncesvalles avenue

Toronto Ontario M6R 2M8

CANADA

THE CUT UP CASE

Ongoing surreal detective comic, or rather photocopied sheet. Each episode works in ten words selected at random. Pleasant noncense.

Tommy Hojager Oleson

MARIUS HOLST GADE 6, 4th

DK-8700 HORSSENS

DENMARK.

ANTI CLOCK-WISE

Art, time, nihilism, these are some of the subjects written about in here. I like the direction A.C.W. travels in but I think the content could do with some zap.

40 pence and s.a.e. to.....

ANTI CLOCK WISE

P.O. BOX 175

L69 8DX

LIVERPOOL

U.K.

J.K. STUFF WORKS have photocopied collage artwork coming out of their ears and for a small trade they'd properly send you enough to re- decorate your shitty hovel with.

J.K. STUFF WORKS

1104 North Marshall #709

Milwaukee

Wisconsin 53202

U.S.A.

WORDS

Zine sized collection of whimsical poetry that has endearing sparks of humaness rather than than the 'ugly' material most folks seem to favour these days, thats not to say it's 'nice' either. I enjoyed it and even found myself laughing in places.

3 DOLLERS OR TRADE FROM

NICOL A. KOSTIC

P.O. BOX 4673

TOLEDO, OH. 43620

U.S.A.

UNION SHOP BLUFF NOS 1/2

A4 slapped together sheet thats a home to all sorts 'o' creatures. Quotes from the famouse and poetry from the obscure. I think their looking for more contributors.

21 A QUEBEC St.

GUELPH,

ONT,

NIN 2T1

CANADA

THE IMPERFECT PITCH

Done by the fella who does Union Shop Bluff and done in the same style, execpt this is bigger. Mainly quotes taken from the likes of Zappa, Bukowski, Bob Black and James Joice. I could live without it but that aint to say it's bad.

MARTIN SCORSESE

SCORSESE ON SCORSESE

DAVID THOMPSON AND IAN CHRISTIE

Try buying any book from Austicks Bookshops, and without exception you'll find that it has to be ordered from the Crab Nebula, via the invisible moon of Pluto. Even though this book is supposedly widely available, getting the damn thing was like trying to balance 101 tumblers on pieces of cardboard.

Basically this goes through Crazy Scorsese's life and career film by film, using large quotes from various interviews, but doesn't quite seem to come together as a book. If you'd read it in a magazine it wouldn't be as unfulfilling, but from a whole book you expect something more. I think this is probably because all the Scorsese talk has been culled from other interviews, and doesn't feel like one big thing.

Whining aside though, it is an interesting read, especially the sections on Taxi Driver, his youth, the Last Temptation of Christ, and fat De Zero gulping down entire restaurants full of pasta.

THOMAS HARRIS RED DRAGON

...For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

- WILLIAM BLAKE, Songs of Innocence

Cruelty has a Human Heart,
and Jealousy a Human Face,
Terror the Human Form Divine,
and Screcy the Human Dress.

The Human Dress is forged Iron,
The Human Form a fiery Forge,
The Human Face a Furnace seal'd,
The Human Heart it's hungry Gorge.

- WILLIAM BLAKE, Songs of Experience

My thanks to Simon for introducing me to Thomas Harris, king thrill.

Red Dragon is the book that became the film MANHUNTER, and this world is a better place for that.

The story is SO tight, the fucker outright refuses to be put down.

The plot concerns the hunt for a serial killer, and the delirious events surrounding it, with the central character being an FBI agent, Will Graham, who, it is hinted, has some kind of strange faculty allowing him to understand, and

reach into the mentality of his quarry, his thinking often running parallel. Much is made of this peculiar similarity between the minds of the two protagonists, it being obvious that the FBI man is distinctly uncomfortable with his gift.

The book has a huge feeling about it, you come away feeling like you read something big, and it WILL impress itself upon your mind, there's none of the fashionable 'flirting with murderers' attitude about it, just very the very straightforward feeling that you are dealing with something VASTLY bad, that you know absolutely nothing about, a very powerful feeling of fear.

I don't know, RED DRAGON is usually to be found in the 'thriller' section of bookshops, but this is misleading as it's neither dog nor dinner..

The film based on Harris's last book, 'Silence of the Lambs', which is also as tight as a bone, in some respects better than RED DRAGON, has just been released to some kind of shit in the US, where it's getting called 'scariest-film-ever' and, predictably, several liberal groups have crawled out of the shadows to try and get some Tv coverage by complaining about it's content.

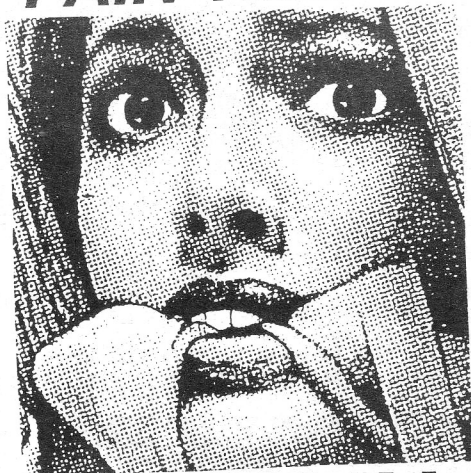


BEERS, STEERS AND QUEERS

4 TRACK REMIX CD
REVOLTING COCKS
wax trax

This was to begin with quite an enjoyable listen made moreso by the bits taken from Deliverance, of cuddly Ned Beatty (a.k.a. Neb Beauty). And is two re-mixes of Beers, Steers and Queers, the drop your britches mix and the take 'em right off mix, then two other live songs, Stainless Steel Providers, and a cover of P.I.L.'s Public Image Limited. The music is much the same as anything else mr alien has been apart of of late, basically kinda meaty a rockin. On the whole this is enjoyable for the first few listens and then kinda gets dull quickly, and the only song that remains enjoyable all the way through is Public Image Limited. Having said that, it is all still fun but the hype gets to me.

PAIN TEENS



BORN IN BLOOD

The **Pain Teens's** nail down some rhythmic power

Well alright!!!. Pretty dissimilar to anything else I've heard of late, with solid rhythm and guitars, all kinds of strange musical goings on and the queen-like **Bliss Blood** singing like a crazy woman with big plans, oft times involving the snapping of mens spines like matchsticks, and just generally burning them up, which is more than fine by me..

A couple of the songs are a little weaker than the rest, but they still rock most shit to sleep, and the one's that are good are real good. So good, in fact that A*\$%n and Monkey both bought it, which if you knew how often they dig into their pockets, should give you a clue.

Trance Syndicate.

CRASH & BURN

Until I saw them live, I confess, I didn't really have much room in my heart for Poison Idea, but ,although I won't be buying no records, I think I now understand a bit better.

Live they were truly fucking amazing, real power, no bullshitting, just doing it.

LAIBACH



LIFE IS LIFE 7"
mute.

This may be a rather old release but what the hey, who cares. The fellas dropped a monster, and it deserves to be brought to your attention. **Opus's** muesli has become **Laibach's** beef steak.

Full of power and good looks. If you feel a need to take big proud steps, then this'll make you want to stomp right into Poland. or at least round your bedroom, bedsit, or cardboard box.

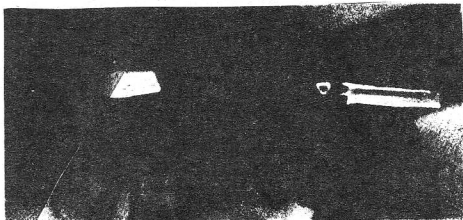
HORROR

THE MELVINS
THE JESUS LIZARD
BABES IN TOYLAND
ETC. ETC.

Well you don't need a brain of a complex order to buy a **Revoluting Cocks** or **Big Black Tee-shirt**, and you sure don't need any class, which is why you can't enjoy no bands when you are surrounded by the type of people who would stick matches in one of their moist orifices if the yanks on stage told them they oughta.

These kinds of affairs seem to be dominated by unpleasant people, who delight in telling you at length how ahead they are in the sad spastic stakes, and swapping chat about the fanatstic Silverfish, or yon 'beheemoth slab of grind-core grunge', Tad. Three hours of it is enough to make you want to go down the heavy metal disco.

But wait, isn't that Ms. Jennifer Connolly wearing a Boltthrower T-shirt over there? Excuse me, gotta sell some Hank.



TENEBRAE

SIMONETTI/PIGNATELLI/MORANTE

TENEBRAE soundtrack L.P.

that's entertainment records.

GOBLIN were without a doubt the finest band to ever come out of Italy, or Europe or the World or the Universe, they may of split up now but the three remaining fellas carry on the tradition of power, and this point is emphasized by their rock out lesbian death themes, as heard on the aforementioned film, **TENEBRAE**.

You thought GG Allin was tough? Go kiss a cushion, wuss.

The music in **TENEBRAE**, or Telegram if you believe the computer, is a progression from their previous work (circa **Goblin** period), for handsome director, **Dario Argento**, such as **Profondo Rosso**, **Suspiria**, and **Zombi**. For this soundtrack, the moody and rocking feeling of the previous works has become more intensified and energetic, reflecting the sharpness of the film nicely. Percussive, synthesized and a-beefing with Italian power, the theme from **Tenebrae** rocks you till you can rock no more.

eat yo heart out GORE!!

TWO EVIL EYES ARGENTO/ROMERO

This is a pretty strange film, the idea being that both directors produce a version of a story by Edgar, Georgie taking 'Facts in the Case of Monsieur Valdemar', and Dario tackling 'The Black Cat', and put them together into one film. They both have a pretty different approach to what they do and that shows up here very clear..

Mr. Romero starts with his strangely old fashioned, Teevee-movie style segment. His contribution has a weird flatness about that might have helped it through, but mostly it just looks like an episode of the new *Twilight Zone*. The ending is by far the best part of this piece, a strange dreamlike extension of the story. In a way you can see what he was trying to do, expand upon the original idea subtly without being overblown and foolish about it, but as seems usual when El Romero leaves the dead, he seems to miss his aim, which is a shame.

The Italian Bull, Argento, weighing in at zero points of sanity comes next, and his partner for this fight is crazy Polack, **Harvey Keitel**, endeared to all as a pimp/pusher/psycho and Joe Spinelli, and it looks like the two of them been

sharing the same straw and mirror for this one. Harvey puts in a strong performance as a crime photographer, who gradually loses it and gets erratic. The story's not too far removed from the original, but pretty cleverly stretched to fit Dario's usual heights of Latin fucked-ness. It is a bit messy in parts with some odd sequences, that seem queerly out of place, but it works well.

Draw your own conclusions about wether you want to see it.

medusa pictures-

MARTIN SCORSESE GOODFELLAS

warner home video.

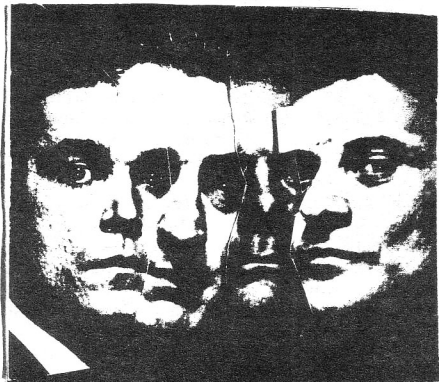
Marty the Italian once again rolls out a piece of the most tasty pastry you are likely to see. **Goodfellas** is a kind of anecdotal history of a guys career in the mafia, from his beginnings as a schoolboy to his turning states evidence in middle age, and all the craziness that went on in the meantime, based on the book **Wiseguys**, which is an autobiography of.

The lead is taken by **Ray Liotta** who, like most everybody else here, just don't appear to be acting, the whole thing flows like a good red wine, and you really don't notice the passage of time. The whole thing is so ludicrous and the wiseguys so likeable that you just sit there, nodding, and gesturing like a sicilian.

Scorsese regulars **De Niro** and **Joe Pesci** both appear, its like a god damn family reunion, you want to walk up and thank them at the end of the film

Somehow **Scorsese** manages to make films that almost straight away become part of your own memory, **Goodfellas** is like this, you get the feeling that there is the whole of a guys life in there, not just the tiny fraction you get to see. How He does this, making the films so clear that you really do feel them, ll Papa only knows.

Those Italians, you got to love 'em, and after this film you WILL want to become involved in organized crime.



HARDWARE

Some kids set out to drive you nuts 'cuz their taste in films, art and literature doesn't stretch beyond "CULT". The little friggs don't know (or care) 'bout the differences between shit 'an shinola.

HARDWARE was made to cater for these personality lacking creeps. It's a shrink wrapped pre-packaged piece 'o' stinking crap that had "CULT" written all over it before it had even reached the big screen. Drugs, sex, a pervert, violence, a robot and lemmees may sound like a good combination but Richard Stanley had no intention of making a good film, instead opting for something that would titillate drunk and obnoxious students and goths all over the fuckin' country, well boo to you mr fuckin' Stanley.

O.K. most of the actors in this flick are dipshits with no talent other than to annoy. The storyline is ripped straight out of an old 2000A.D. and possibly half the S.F. flicks you've ever seen. Mr fuckin' asshole Stanley has the cast smokin' dope an looking like they just been to see the sisters of stinking mercy, my how fuckin' futuristic!!! and it just goes down, down, down, down- not content with being a bad film HARDWARE strives for that mummy arn't we simply cwazy level of absolute gut pukeness.

If I ever get to meet Mr dead wierd turd Stanley I may just punch his fucking lights out.

palace

ROBOTJOX

Its on!! East versus West, the big fight for the custody of Alaska!!

The grind of immense Japanese-style robot steel giving way under the attack of it's opponent is what gets Robotjox under way, and for something made as cheaply as this it's a nice trip.

Fighting for the menacing Reds is the frightening Alexander, who resembles an unpleasant sports teacher, and battling to retain our hold on those precious 'resources', hidden up there in the cold wastes, is Achilles, hero of the western masses, and the only man since Tex to win a string of fights.

Achilles is confused, his generation of Robot pilots is about to be replaced by the upcoming 'tubies', genetically engineered to be winners, who are a bunch of bums from the start, and after a disastrous battle with the merciless, and very Slavic, Alexander, in which thousands of fight fans buy the farm due to Achilles abortive attempt to stop one of Alexanders nastier moves, he quits the games altogether, leaving the big fight in the hands of a bunch of goddamn freaks!!

What the fuck's going to happen to Alaska now? We gonna give it to the goddamn Reds?

If they had had anything like the amount of money that was wasted on bad effects in Total Recall, what a film they might have made. They do a good job with what they got though, the animation on the robots being particularly worthy of masturbatory exercise, due to its beauty and sex appeal.

Far more worthy of a rental than most junk, it does have a pretty enthusiastic and exciting feel to it, the all around cheapness notwithstanding.

Tex for Confed President! Crash and Burn! E.I.V..

TEX FOR CONFED PRESIDENT!

MILLERS CROSSING

COHEN BROS.

LOS BROS COHEN provide another ganster film, not in the same league as GOODFELLOWS, but still a very enjoyable hour and a half of Italian v. Irish gangsters battling it out over nothing much in the thirties, livened up with the usual high standard of Cohen direction.

A lot of good sequences, slapstick, etc., but a pretty weak story, I think your feelings about this film are going to depend on your mood when you see it. If you want to see a reasonably good film, you will. If you want to see a bad film, then that's probably what you'll see. Not enough beef to back up what seems to be a collection of admittedly good setpieces, &%!!N found it bitty. Personally, for a pound, I'd go and see a film as good as this every week.



HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!

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Also, if anyone can get us any copies of software for an AMSTRAD PCW 9512, apart from WORDS, for example some kind of NEWSDESK or L.A. system, they will become EMPEROR FOR A DAY, among other things.



A. RAZOR.
FROM SIMON KIBBLEWHITE.
JAY.

BOB Z.
ANDY C.
SOME OTHER CLOWNS

ALL MATERIAL IS COPYRIGHT THE PEOPLE WHO DID IT
CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE COPYRIGHT A SECRET DEVIL

CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE

NUMBER 2

MAY 1991